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Dental Radiographs reveal the true pathological conditions and abnormalities of the teeth.

DR. W. F. LANE  
DENTIST

Special attention given in the treatment of roots.

Office over  
G. V. Wright Furniture Store  
ALMA, MICH.

## \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is cataract. Cataract being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Cataract Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists. T.C.

## Announcement

I will engage in the general real estate business in this city, and will be glad to aid anyone who is seeking a home or home site or who is desirous of selling.

Liberty Bonds will be taken at par on sales of property.

CLARENCE WHEELER  
Alma, Mich

## G. B. PORTER



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Ohio and Indiana.  
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THE PLUMBER MAN —  
WANT HIM TO  
MOVE AS  
FAST'S  
HE CAN

FOLKS who order a plumber on the job don't want him to move around like a candidate for office awaiting election returns. They want him to show some signs of life and some real ability. That's the reason they call up Union 66 or Bell 49 and ask us over on the job.

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Union 66 Bell 49

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I make a specialty of cut flowers for

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Anything in Bouquets, Wreaths and Designs furnished Promptly

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FLORIST

## COAL CONSUMERS MUST BUY WINTER SUPPLY NOW

Consumers must buy their winter supply of coal during the Spring and Summer for storage if production is to be maintained at a maximum and the country enabled to avoid a serious coal shortage this winter.

H. G. Sanford  
M. S. FUEL AGENCY

## Snowfoot

By Alger Ray Perrine

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Give us an exhibition, Mr. Dacre, won't you?"

"Oh, I'm past all that, lads."

"No, no," pressed an eager, excited coterie of schoolboys. "There's some new fellows here and we've been bringing about your acts."

"All right, I'll see if Snowfoot has forgotten his lessons. Don't let any of you fellows get the circus fever out of this, though. The glare and glitter don't last long, and I wasted the best years of my life in the sawdust ring and you see what I've turned out to be."

"The jolly friend of everybody!" shouted an enthusiastic chorus of voices.

"Yes, but a shiftless rover, never settling down, Jack-of-all-trades, a meal today, none tomorrow—Hoopla! Snowfoot!"

Everybody in town knew Snowfoot. He was a big built, gentle but strong and steady and belonged to Widow Brayton. Everybody, too, knew Widow Brayton and pitied her, for she was desperately poor and an invalid. There were two children, Ned a lad of eleven and Alma just turning sixteen. When the father died these two had stepped into the breach so far as their limited capacity of earning could count. Alma was receiving a mere pittance in a sort of apprenticeship to the village milliner. Ned, young as he was, earned ten dollars a week with old Snowfoot.

This was how he did it: A Mr. Dalby, sickly and a cripple, with his wife and a hired helper, ran a small farm a short distance from the Brayton place. There were fifteen cows, and he made a proposition to Mrs. Brayton to have Ned help milk these and supply the milk to regular customers. Mrs. Brayton had Snowfoot and a wagon, Ned was a loyal, enterprising lad, worked early and late and it looked as though the family was on the road to better times.

"As soon as I am able to trim hats instead of sewing braids only, we shall have all kinds of money, mother," Alma used to say.

Paul Dacre had dropped into Ferndale one morning early when Ned stood leaning in dismay over Snowfoot on the public street. Snowfoot had collapsed when some equine ailment came suddenly upon him and was lying prone upon the ground between the shafts, writhing and gasping.

"He's a goner!" an old timer had pronounced.

"Let me see. I know considerable about horses," said Paul, coming up. He examined the eyes and mouth of the animal, took a pencil, wrote the names of two ingredients on a chip of wood and said: "Go to the drug store mix these powders in a quart of hot water and hurry back as fast as you can."

Ned sped away with the prescription. He returned with a steaming jar. Deft and skillful, the stranger administered the medicine. In five minutes old Snowfoot was regarding him with a look as though he fully comprehended his attention, and when he at length gained his feet he lovingly laid his cheek against Paul's shoulder.

They became great friends, those three. Then a new token of interest came into Paul Dacre's life. He naturally met Alma and they became quite friendly. Headstrong, erratic, nevertheless beautiful in his love for Ned and old Snowfoot, Paul did odd jobs in the town, but every morning he was on hand to help Ned get over his route.

As to Alma, he idolized her, and told her so. "Some day I'll make a fortune," he declared. "I'll make you all rich and you'll have so many suitors you can pick some prince or major general for the husband you deserve."

And now Paul, homeward bound, was surrounded by a crowd of juvenile admirers. He pretended to whisper in Snowfoot's ear. Immediately the clever animal he had trained in old-time circus tricks started running around in a ring. Paul described a running jump, to land squarely upon the back of the horse. A dozen times they sped around the ring. Then Paul made Snowfoot steal a handkerchief from his pocket, locate a hidden ear of corn and nod his head seven times when asked how many days there were in the week.

Paul stood spellbound with dread and doubt, when, late the next afternoon, he went up to the house to accompany Ned on his evening delivery rounds. Ned was seated on the step of the wagon, a picture of disconsolate dismay. From inside the house came the wailing of Mrs. Brayton. Alma came out wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Dacre," she cried, "Snowfoot is gone!"

"Gone!" repeated Paul, aghast.

"Yes, there was an old debt of poor dead father. It was beyond our power to pay it. Our creditor promised to wait, but two hours ago he appeared with the sheriff and a writ. They seized the horse, auctioned him off, and a man taking a string of horses to sell

at the stock yards in the city bid in Snowfoot and drove him off."

Paul was speedy activity personified. He hurried to a neighbor and arranged for a horse until his return. "I'll get back Snowfoot if I have to go to jail for it!" he declared, and was off on the trail of the man with the market-bound string of horses.

It was the next morning when Paul reached the city and located the horse market at the stock yards, close on the heels of Snowfoot. He found where his favorite and some twenty other horses were housed in a pen, to be sold at auction the next morning.

Paul had but one idea, to make away with Snowfoot. He would wait till dark. Then his old friend should find freedom. Paul put in the time wandering about the great yards to finally come to a great building arched over with glass and just being completed. It was a vast auditorium, built to house farmers' conventions and stock shows. At one end was a stage. Nothing was yet set in place, and pulleys and ropes and platforms were suspended from the roof rafters, from which workmen were suspended putting in chandeliers and otherwise perfecting the lighting system.

About the middle of the building stood a well-dressed, important-looking man, holding his little four-year-old daughter by the hand. He was giving orders as to certain construction details to the contractors, and, Paul learned casually, was head officer of the cattle exchange, a man of enormous wealth who made a hobby of improved live stock.

His restive little daughter, a bright, lovely little midget, had taken advantage of her father's preoccupation and had run about fifty feet to the other end of the building. She had clambered up the steps leading to the stage and was running up and down the platform, pleased at the hollow echo of her pattering feet on the smooth boards.

"Hi, there!" suddenly rang out a frightful yell aloft. Within a flashing second of time the scene was one of indescribable confusion. The fusing lamp of one of the overhead workers had exploded. The dripping contents had scattered everywhere; up aloft the whole inside framework was ablaze. The burning liquid, dropping to the floor, had set a great heap of shavings, block and bench frames on fire.

Paul chanced to be near the stage. As he saw an impassable barrier of fire shut off the entire front end of the building he heard the vain shouts of the agonized father, beaten back by the curtain of fire, pleading for the rescue of his darling child. The brick wall behind the stage was solid. The fire was advancing to lick up the new framework. Paul ran to the child.

"Little one," he said hurriedly, "for papa's sake will you do just as I say? If I set you on my back with your arms around my neck, will you hold fast—fast?"

"But won't I burn?"

"You won't burn, darling. You shall be safe with your father in a fifty, if you just hold on and never let go."

It was well that the old skill of his one-time trapeze experience held Paul Dacre in good stead now. The little one kept her word like a Trojan. She did not even whisper as half way up one of the long ropes, a sweep of cinders came against them like a blast. Then they were at the rafters. Seizing a board, Paul smashed out a broad sash. Now they were on the roof. He drew up the eighty-foot rope, let it trail down over the roof, and inch by inch descended down the slant, over the edge, and the gathered crowd cheered and grouped about the hero rescuer and the little child.

Paul Dacre did not have to steal Snowfoot to get him back home. He could have redeemed the animal had it taken thousands, for the father of the little Evaline could not sufficiently show his gratitude. He offered Paul the charge of a stock farm at a high salary. He even came down to the Brayton home to visit him. And Alma began to see the nobleness of character in the ex-circus rider. And little Evaline was showing Alma how she had clung to Paul the day of the fire, and putting out her hands drew the face of Alma close to her own.

And as it nestled there, the chubby hand drew that of Paul in loving contact, and Alma's eyes met those of Paul, and the revelation of perfect love was complete.

## Lumber Raft to Cross Sea.

One of the marvels of the age, according to the marine authorities, an invention which will make possible the towing of 216,000 cubic feet of lumber safely across the Atlantic ocean, has been completed at a provincial port.

No matter how severe the storms or how dangerous the undertaking, the big raft is so constructed that it will be able to make the long trip without any possibility of loss or damage. Most of the machinery used in this initial craft can be used over again, and so the cost of construction, estimated at close to \$300,000, will not affect the business end of the undertaking.

The lumber, said to be sorely needed on the other side, is valued at \$150,000. The big raft has been under construction for several months, 70 men being employed all the time on the work of building it.

## The Poultry Flock.

Reports recently gathered concerning 5,288 flocks of poultry show that the average number of hens per flock is 107, as compared with 146 in 1914. This information, which was obtained by an incubator manufacturer in the middle West, indicates that shortage of supply has been an important factor in producing present high prices for poultry and eggs.

The ice cream social at the home of Roy Griffith Thursday night was well attended. The proceeds went for the benefit of the church.

Will Eichorn is very sick with stomach trouble. A nurse is caring for him.

Mr. Hetzmann and Miss Amy Pressler went to Camp Custer Friday to see Mr. Hetzmann's son, Clarence, who expects to go to France soon.

Mr. Purdie and family visited at Lew Mann's Friday evening.

The Women's Mission Circle meets with Miss Griffith and mother, June 5th (Friday p. m.).

## DAVIS DISTRICT

There will be a patriotic meeting at the Davis July 8th. Everybody invited to attend.

Edna Hanford of near Alma visited over Sunday with Mrs. C. H. Patterson.

Valerie Ball of Sumner visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Lucile Thorn returned last Saturday from visiting her husband and other relatives in Clinton county.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beard spent part of last week with friends near Breckenridge.

Ernest Baxter of Lansing made his parents a farewell visit before leaving for Camp Custer the 27th.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS

Advertised list for the week ending July 1st, 1918.

Vinton E. Ball  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Baker  
Mr. A. J. Beck  
Mr. Glenn Clinton  
Miss Coile  
Mrs. Emily Carley  
Walter Dailey  
Mr. Ernest G. Ellison  
V. L. Farnsworth  
Mr. Claude Hall  
H. Walker Kelly  
Mrs. S. Kinnaman  
Mrs. T. S. Losie  
Miss Margaret Morris  
Mr. Max Moshowitz  
Mrs. O. B. Miller, (two)  
Mr. J. D. McBain  
Mr. Fred Osborn  
Mrs. Amelia Parker  
Neta Task  
Mrs. Kate Sargent, (two)  
Mrs. Harry B. Young  
Mr. George Young

The above if not called for will be sent to the Dead Letter office July 15th, 1918.

V. P. Cash, Postmaster.

Back These Boys With  
YOUR DOLLARS

A U. S. Government War Savings Stamp is as secure as a National Bank Note. Both are backed by the United States Government. About the only difference is that the stamps pay you 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly, on January 1st, 1923. If you are pressed for money at any time, you can cash a War Savings Stamp for its current value at any money-order post office on ten days' notice. War Savings Stamps are convenient and easy investments, no "red tape," and are backed by the entire resources of the people of the United States.

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It has electric Auto-Lite starting and lighting, vacuum fuel system, rear cantilever springs, large tires non-skid rear and 106 inch wheelbase.

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